

One day, while looking at the far edge of a forest for a new meadow to dance in, the pair found a distressing scene. A huge tree had fallen down into the middle of the meadow, and was gasping its last breaths, turning brown and charcoaled. The meadow underneath was gouged and scarred by deep marks, from what ever had pulled down the tree. The trees and ground around where the old tree lived were toasted black, a visible scar. The elf prince reached down to touch the fallen, dying tree to speak with it and find out what had happen. As Abies touched the tree ze screamed in pain as hir hand turned black and got stuck to the tree. The elf prince screamed in agony while the fairy prince struggled to free hir. At last they were both freed and the elf prince collapsed next to the tree in a deep coma. The fairy prince, crisped and burnt as well, carried the elf prince back to their nest.

The fairy prince stayed by Abies' side, trying dance after dance to heal hir. The trees bent closer and gently swayed to calm the princes. At last the old squirrel came with a leaf full cooling mountain mud and they rubbed it on to Abies. Hir breathing slowed and ze

began to sleep calmly. (The old squirrel rubbed a little on the fairy prince as well, who didn't notice.)

The next morning the elf prince rose to see Capsella's worried face next to hir's. Abies stretched and found everything ok, but stiff and sore. The whole forest breathed a sigh of relief. Once the elf prince had gotten hir strength back the pair set off again to the meadow, to find the cause of the old tree's demise and to make sure no one else was suffering its fate. The whole forest rustled with ill tidings and mourned the loss of the old tree which had died in the meadow.

When the princes arrived at the meadow they heard a strange sound humming overhead and saw opossum high up in the tree next to where the old one had stood. It had a strange creature sitting on its shoulder and whispering things is its ears. The creature looked almost like a fairy, only much smaller, with a frightening head which had no eyes or expression, but gave the feeling that it would really like to consume you and spit out your remains.